

Father *PETERS* Policy Discovered: Or, the
Prince of *WALES* prov'd a *Popish Perkin*.

IN *Rome* there is a most fearful Rour,
And what do you think it is about,
Because the Birth of the Babe's come out.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Jesuits swear the Midwife told Tales,
And Ruin'd His Highness the Prince of *Wales*;
She's a Jade for her Pains, *Cutsputter-anails*.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Popish Crew did all protest,
That Twenty Great Men would swear at least,
They see His *Welsh* Highness creep out of His Nest.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Goggle-ey'd Monster in the *Tower*,
He peep'd at his Birth for above an Hour,
And 'twas a true Prince of *Wales* he Swore.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

Another great Lord, both Grave and Wife,
Stood peeping between Her Majesties Thighs;
He look'd through a Glas for to save his Eyes.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

Both were so well satisfy'd,
They knew the sweet Babe from a Thousand they cry'd,
'Twas Born with the Print of a Tile on his Side.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

Some say 'tis a Prince of *Wales* by Right,
And those that deny it 'tis out of Spight;
But God send the Mother came honestly by't.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

Some Priest, they say, crept nigh Her Honour,
And sprinkled some good Holy Water upon Her,
Which made Her conceive of what has undone Her..
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Papists thought themselves greatly blest,
Before the young Babe was brought to the Test;
But now they call *Peters* a Fool of a Priest.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Priests in order to fly to the Pope,
Are got on Board on the Foreign Hope,
For ail that stay here will be sure of a Rope.
Sing Lulla by Babee, by, by, by.